MARK MILLAR & LEINIL YU

SUPER CROOKS

ISSUE THREE

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The Island of Tenerife:

The Bastard? Are you *kidding* me? You brought us here to rob *The Bastard?*

I stayed out of your head as a *courtesy,* Johnny. But if I thought for one second you'd be stupid enough to pull something like *this...*

I still don't see what all *the panic* is about. Sure, the guy was huge in his day, but he's been *retired* for the last fifteen years.

He's the greatest super-villain who ever *lived,* dude. Underestimate him in his *senior years* and you'll end up like Danny Dubrovny.

What happened to Danny Dubrovny?

You'll have to excuse my ex-boyfriend. He's been in prison for the last five years, thinking up ways to get us *killed.*

Let's just say Danny was *the last* guy who confused The Bastard getting old with The Bastard getting *soft...*

"As far as I recall, Danny got out of the whole super-villain game and into some kind of dodgy real-estate thing.

"He took a five mil investment from the old man *himself* and then just *disappeared* for a couple of years.

"Turns out he'd relocated to Miami and was running some kind of Japanese *import-export* thing. He was feeling *pretty good* about himself too...

"...business thriving, a beautiful new girl and he'd sold The Bastard a worthless piece of *nothing*...

"...but then he heard something *horrible* happened to one of his old school-friends...

MIAMI QUEST

"...and then a couple of old *car-jackers* he used to hang around with died in exactly the same way.

That's *weird.*

"...then his favorite *hooker* was found dead...

"...and his dealer back in *Baltimore*...

"...then his best friend, his mother and that nice half-brother over in California. The one with the *accountancy firm*...

"Because that's the way The Bastard rolls. Killing you isn't *enough*, man. He has to kill everyone who ever *meant* something to you. Just so you *feel it*.

"Two hundred and forty-one people were murdered by the time he found Danny and his girlfriend hiding out in the boonies.

"They *knew* it was only a matter of time..."

Oh, my God.

What's wrong?

I've got a ***headache.*** Jesus... it's like somebody pumping a ***tire.*** I...

Mae-Ling!

You piece of ***shit...***

Kill me, you old ***bastard!*** Just fucking ***kill me!***

I wouldn't give you the ***satisfaction.***

"And this is the guy you want us to *rob?*"

No Entry

Why not? You have any idea how much he's *sitting on* in that house? His *retirement fund* was eight hundred million dollars!

This wouldn't just pay *Carmine's* debts! We'd be *rich* for the rest of our *lives!*

It's not just *The Bastard.* What about this new *bodyguard* he's got himself? Last time I looked, The Praetorian had twenty-seven different *powers.*

That's where *The Gladiator* comes into the picture.

What?

Oh, *come on,* Glenda. I'd never ask one of our country's greatest heroes to participate in an actual *robbery.*

But taking down a *disgraced superhero?* Somebody you kicked off your team for three hundred counts of *criminal misbehavior?*

Don't try to sweeten *the pill,* asshole. If I wasn't being blackmailed, I wouldn't even be breathing the same *air* as you fuck-heads.

It's a pleasure to have you *on board,* sir.

Now I know this sounds risky, but high risk comes with high rewards, and I'm sure you appreciate that I love you all way too much to let anything *bad* happen.

In fact, the only thing you should be *worrying* about is how you'll spend *the cash* when we get back home.

This better be *some plan,* Johnny.

Trust me, sweetheart.

This is one for the *history books.*

The Bastard's Mansion:

DING DONG

What's the deal with this guy and investments, *anyway?* Whoever heard of a *supervillain* looking for *high-interest returns?*

He's embarrassed how he made his *money,* Roddy. It's a classic *personality trait.* All these little *business meetings* are just a desperate bid for *respectability.*

What's the story with you and *Sparky,* by the way? Is this for *real* for just a *temporary* break? All the guys have been *wondering.*

I really don't think that's any of your *business,* Mister Diesel.

¿Sí?

Doctor Morgenstern and Professor Reichenbach, sir. We're here to see Mister Matts about the four-dimensional *transport system* we've been putting together.

You're a professor of temporal physics?

Top of my class at *Princeton,* buddy. Don't be put-off by my *muscular frame* and intimidating *eye-contact.* I'm actually a fucking *brain-box.* Parlez-vous *anglais?*

Okay, let them *through.*

You see the way this creep's ***staring*** at me? I want to turn around and punch his ***lights*** out.

Relax, sweet-cheeks. Just close your eyes and think how much ***money*** we're gonna hump 'em for.

Anything?

They're clean.

You've got twenty minutes to make your pitch.

The Bastard's Study:

A time machine?

This sounds *expensive.*

Initially, the costs would be a hundred million dollars plus a projected *two billion* spread over *ten years.*

Of course, the very *concept* of cost becomes meaningless once you own a device that grants you access to every corner of time and space.

The possibilities are *endless* if this takes you to the ancient world or gives you a bridge to *future tech.*

Essentially, funding this prototype we're presenting would instantly make you the most formidable super-criminal in the history of *existence.*

Ah, but that's *the point,* you see.

I already kind of *am.*

I'm excited by the young and always looking for new projects to nurture, but I'm afraid you've come to me twenty years too late to pique my interest in four-dimensional ***crime.***

What would your machine give me that I don't already ***have?*** ***More*** wealth? ***More*** power?

I ***retired*** from my old career because I lost ***the hunger*** I enjoyed as a young man. Now my pleasures are drawn from the ***finer*** things in life...

...like my ***Mondrian,*** for example.

Did you know that this lost piece is considered so beautiful, so perfect, that its lines are impossible for even the greatest ***forger*** to replicate?

Art thrills me more than living outside the law. I have nothing left to ***prove*** to the ***super-criminal fraternity.***

What about *insurance?* Wouldn't a time machine protect your *investments?*

Yeah, suppose *someone else* gets their hands on this kind of tech and uses it *against* you, man?

Wouldn't they have done it by now? Five years ago, when I was at my peak? No one's coming back, my dear friend. I feel quite safe growing old in the *sunshine.*

Now I know you mean well, but this meeting is *over.*

I suggest you talk to *The Salamander* if you're looking for an ambitious super-criminal to help you.

Absolutely, sir. That's an excellent *suggestion.*

Now: could I use your bathroom for a *Number Two?*

Outside:

Hey, what's that place on the *hill* over there? It looks like an old *theme park.*

It used to be, but the owners ran out of money when the economy took a nose-dive.

"*Banana-Land* has been lying empty since before we even moved here. I think Mister Matts is having it *demolished* in a few weeks' time.

You *like* old theme parks? Maybe you and I could take a walk over there after work, huh? There're some *wild rides* in that place after dark.

I'll *bet* there are.

You done, Professor?

Totally.

Good. Let's get the hell *out* of here.

Back at HQ:

LOS Apartment Americanos

I still can't believe how *amazing* you are...

...*look* at this: The blueprints for his entire mansion constructed from the *memories* of the *security staff.*

We've got everything we needed from top-to-bottom, and it's all down to *you,* sweetheart.

Hey, don't forget she was using me to *walk around* and *find* these people, dude. That wasn't exactly a *one-woman-show* back there.

A thousand apologies! You're very clever, *too.*

Didn't *security* give you any trouble? I thought he'd have all that *face-recognition shit* they got at the *airports?*

They did, but I just pulled the same ***stunt,*** Sammy. The computers knew that I was a super-villain, but the security guys only saw what I ***wanted*** them to see on their monitors.

Clever.

This is ***it,*** folks. Seven levels of ***living hell*** and the prize down here at the ***bottom.*** This is where he keeps his case and we have forty-seven minutes to get ***in*** and ***out*** of there.

What? How come we're only stealing one case? I thought we were taking this guy for ***everything?***

It's a ***space-case,*** TK. You never ***seen*** one of these?

From the outside, they're no bigger than a briefcase, but the interiors are so enormous, you could fit an entire house inside.

Holy shit! Are these our ***costumes?***

Oh, man. ***Look*** at this stuff! New boots. New masks. This is all completely awesome.

Careful, folks. These are our work clothes. We don't just wear the uniforms to ***look*** cool.

Not a fucking chance.

Sorry, Glenda. It's all they had in your size. What's the *matter*, dude? Not your *color*?

Just keep *pushing* me, dick. See how long it takes me to snap and put my *fist* down your throat.

Ooh, *kinky*.

Guys, if I could just take a second to say a few words. I want to express my gratitude to everyone for *rallying around* and *helping me out* like this.

I know we're only here because of my *gambling issues*... but that only makes it all the more *appreciated*.

Whatever happens next, I want you to know that I'm very *proud* and *thankful* to you all. We're always hearing how great the *superheroes* work together...

Well, it's just nice to know there's still some honor among *thieves* too, huh? *Salut!*

Outside:

Bags packed? Sad face? What's the story *here*, girlfriend?

I've done what I *came* to do, Johnny. The team doesn't *need* me for what's coming next so I'm catching the first flight *home* in the morning.

Sounds perfectly convincing.

I honestly forgot how *good* you were. That stunt at the mansion was *crazy*, Kasey. Surely you must have *missed* all this?

Not even for a second.

It brings me out in hives, Johnny. Makes me sick to my stomach...

...but I'm hardly going to stand back and let them feed *Carmine* to *The Salamander*.

He always taught us the value of *loyalty*, right?

You know, I've done some *stupid things* over the years...*hundreds* of stupid things...but, by far, the greatest of my many fuck-ups was losing my *perfect girl.*

I know it doesn't *mean* much from a thief and a liar, but that message up there comes straight from the *heart.* You know what I'm *saying?*

What message? What are you *talking* about?

Look up.

I'M SORRY

You've got it *all* figured out, haven't you?

Always.

Last gig, sweetheart. I *promise.*

Next Morning:

What time was her *plane* leaving?

Twenty minutes ago.

She'll be fine, Johnny. Kasey's a big girl. *We're* the ones you should be worried about.

Is this the right *spot?*

ENTRAR

BANANA LAND

According to the map, the mansion's *security people* are right beneath our feet.

You got your tranquilizer guns?

Yes, mother.

Best of luck, bro.

Thanks, TK...

...I think we're going to *need* it.

What the *fuck*?

Okay. Forecast, I want you to take out the perimeter guards. Knock them out, but no fatalities. That's not the way we work.

TK, you handle the security gate. Carmine, gimme some of that *gum* you're chewing.

But it's my last one.

I don't care.

Monitor room taken down and all the alarms have been switched off. We're ready to *begin*, Mister Bolt.

Okay, boys. Let's steal some *dirty money.*

I still can't believe I'm even *hanging around* with you low-lives.

Tenerife Airport:

Sorry, I don't mean to be a pain, but I've got a connecting flight in London and I'm worried I'm going to miss it. How long did you say my plane was *delayed?*

We'll make an announcement when we have more *information,* Miss. Please take a seat in the meantime.

exit

Relax, hot-stuff. I'll handle things from here.

Huh?

What's up, baby? You leave in such a hurry you forgot your *little trick?* The scanners got you *forty minutes ago,* you fucking *idiot...*

...move a muscle and I'll fry you to *the floor.*

Oh, my dear, sweet thing...

Don't ever mistake me for *stupid.*

GATE 12

To Be Concluded!

ZONE